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THE GREEK ELEGY.

I. CLASSICAL GREEK.

[*Prefatory Note.*—I propose to print in this and subsequent numbers of this REVIEW the substance of a course of lectures on the history of the elegy in English which I have been delivering for five years to my senior class in the University of the South, and which I have delivered also under the auspices of the American Society for the Extension of University Teaching at two of their summer meetings in Philadelphia, as well as to a class at Chautauqua. Before considering the English elegy proper I shall treat in a concise way the elegiac poetry of all the more important literatures, and shall thus hope to furnish the fullest account extant of this narrow but interesting genre. My work has been based upon considerable original research, especially in the British Museum, to the courteous officials of which, and to my friend Dr. Richard Garnett in particular, I desire to extend my heartiest thanks. I must, of course, ask for the clemency of scholars into whose special domains I may intrude during the course of my introductory sections, and I trust that any mistakes I may make will be fully pointed out to me. It is almost needless to say that the present mode of publication will necessitate certain omissions which will be supplied when the articles are collected in book form, and it is also needless to dilate here on the advantages to be derived from studying the for-

tunes of a genre as a whole. The comparative and evolutionary methods of literary study, if I may so express myself, have already proved their efficacy in the hands of M. Brunetière, and we only need careful special work on the various genres in order that students and teachers of literature may be furnished with abundant materials on which to base investigations which will be both profitable and interesting, although, of course, not antagonistic to other long-tried and approved methods of treatment. For a discussion of the varieties of elegiac poetry and an explanation of some of the more technical terms used in these papers I must refer my readers to my article entitled "Note on Elegiac Poetry," which appeared in this REVIEW for August, 1893.]

We can not doubt that elegiac poetry in its strictest sense—to wit, the poetry that expresses longing and grief—has existed from the very earliest times among all people who have been capable of even the rudest sort of intellectual and artistic development. We know that poetry had a religious origin, and that death has always appealed to the religious emotions; the sorrow and longing caused by death would therefore find their natural outlet in verse of an elegiac character. We may infer, too, in accordance with a familiar method of anthropological reasoning, that the death-songs and wailing chants common to savage tribes to-day must have had their prototypes among the most primitive races of mankind. We are not left to mere inference, however, in the case of the only people who vitally concern us—the Greeks. We know that among the mythical predecessors of Homer a certain Linos was reckoned, and that with him was connected a special dirge or funeral song called by his name. We know also that Herodotus (II., 79) associated this song with the so-called Maneros (*Μανέρος*) of the Egyptians, and we shall soon have to deal with its Phœnician prototype, the Adonis-song. We can thus see that our reasoning holds good of the most important of ancient peoples.

The statement that the Greeks are the only ancient people who vitally concern us needs a brief explanation. Greek literature is practically the only early literature that has affected our own in point of form. Latin literature is Greek in form, save mainly for the satire in its more elaborate types, hence its influence upon ours has been rather to give color than to form. So, too, Hebrew literature, great as its effects have been upon our own, has rather colored it than molded it. But in tracing the development of any genre of literature we are naturally far more concerned with form than with color; hence we are justified in making all our studies begin with the literature of that great people whose sense for form has never yet been surpassed.

Coming back now to the Linos-song, we find that it was popular in character and oriental in origin. Like the Adonis-song, it seems to have lamented mythically the death of summer. When it passed into Greece it was naturally amalgamated with some local Greek myth, different forms of it being recognized in Tegea of Arcadia, and in Sparta.¹ Linos himself, the subject or the author of the song (it is difficult to say which the Greeks believed), although probably only a personification intended to explain the origin of the dirge, was counted with Orpheus, Thamyras, and Musæus among the predecessors of Homer, and regarded by such an author as Pausanias as even older than Orpheus.² He was held to have been the son of Apollo and Calliope (*cf.* the Orpheus legend) and to have been the teacher of Orpheus and Hercules.³ More than one genealogy of him is given, however, and more than one account of his

¹ "In Tegea of Arcadia the Greeks explained the lamentation as being for the death of Skephios, who was killed by his brother. Sterility fell on the land in consequence, and an oracle ordered a yearly festival, at which Skephios was to be mourned for; and hence the song was called the Skephios." (Jevons, "History of Greek Literature," pp. 110, 111.) A similar origin may be given the Spartan "Hyacinth Song," which came to Sparta from Cythera, a Phenician settlement, and may be traced to Samos, Cyprus, and finally to Phenicia.

² Pausanias, IX., 30, 12, quoted by Mahaffy, "History of Greek Literature," I., 14.

³ Hesiod, *Frg. I.*, quoted by L. and S. *sub voce*.

death. The song connected with his name is mentioned in the "Iliad" (18,570), where a boy sings it with a cithara accompaniment to the vintagers while they are at work.¹ It was a dirge upon his death, and probably had a peculiar music appropriated to it, which enabled Herodotus to identify it in Cyprus, Bithynia, Phenicia, and Egypt.² At a later period it seems to have been used without reference to grief or lament, but the only fragment we have, which is preserved, not perhaps in its original form, by the scholiast on Σ, 570, is plainly a lament for the minstrel's death sung by the Muses themselves. It represents Linos as the inventor of song who was killed by Apollo for rashly challenging him to a contest of skill (*cf.* the Marsyas legend), and his name repeated with exclamations of regret forms the refrain sung by the chorus. "Ai Linon! Ai Linon!" they sang, not dreaming that in all likelihood they were simply repeating a variation of the Semitic *ai le nu*, "woe is us!" (Jevons.) But the pretty fragment itself is better than any description of it. It runs as follows:

ὦ Λίνε πᾶσι θεοῖσιν
 τετιμένη, σοὶ γὰρ ἔδωκαν
 ποώτῳ μέλος ἀνθρώποισιν
 φωναῖς λιγυραῖς ἀεῖσαι
 Φοῖβος δὲ κότῳ σ' ἀναιρεῖ
 Μοῦσαι δέ σε θρηνέουσιν.

O Linos, honored of all the gods, for to thee a poet they gave to sing with clear tones a song to men, Phœbus in wrath takes thee away, but the Muses sing thy threnody.³

In addition to this primitive transplanted Linos-song we have in Homer examples of the threnos, or funeral dirge, which seems to have been a choral song with solos interspersed. We read in the last book of the "Iliad" (Ω 720 *seq.*)

¹λίνον δ' ὑπὸ καλὸν ἀεῖδει λεπταλέῃ φωνῇ.

²Herodotus, II., 79. Mahaffy, Jevons.

³It may be noted that the word *ιάλεμος*, a wail or dirge, perhaps a lament for sickness, also gave rise to a personified Ialemos, son of the Muse Caliope (*Athen.* 14), whom the translator of Lemprière, probably twisting the meaning of the epithet, called a *wretched* singer.

that, when Priam brought back the body of Hector, it was carried to the splendid palaces, and that after it had been laid on the perforated beds, leaders of the dirges were placed beside it, who "indeed sang a mournful song while the women groaned in answer."

οὔτε στονόεσσαν ἀοιδὴν
οἱ μὲν ἄρ' ἐθρήνεον, ἐπὶ δὲ στενάχοντο γυναῖκες.

And in the midst of these latter the white-armed Andromache began the lamentation, holding the head of man-destroying Hector between her hands. "O husband," she sang, "thou hast perished young in thy time of life, and hast left me a widow in the palaces!" When the widow's wail for Hector, herself, and the infant Astyanax was over, the venerable Hecuba, mother of the hero, began her "vehement lamentation;" and after her, Helen. Thus we see that the three chief women relatives, or connections, acted the part of soloists in grief, while the people around groaned in chorus. In the last book of the "Odyssey," on the other hand, while the chiefs speak and the common people lament, it is the Muses, supported by the Nereids, that lead the threnos for Achilles, and Thetis that plays the part of the soloist in grief. In the nineteenth book of the "Iliad," Briseis utters a sort of threnos over the body of Patroclus and the women are again prominent as mourners, so we see that among the ancient Greeks, just as among the Corsicans and the Scotch, it was a feminine function to bewail the death of heroes lost in battle.¹ On the other hand, there is a fragment of a threnos by Achilles over Patroclus in the *Myrmidones* of Æschylus. In this connection it is scarcely necessary to remark that specimens of the threnos are not uncommon in Greek tragedy; as, for example, in the *Ajax* of Sophocles.

But the Linos-song, the ialemos, and the threnos, while prototypes of the elegy, are not elegies either in the loose Greek sense or in our own stricter sense of the term. Elegiac poetry, properly speaking, arose in connection with the

¹ See Symonds, "Greek Poets," I., 139-140.

development of flute music among the Phrygians¹ in the eighth century before Christ.² The word *ἔλεγος* itself, about the source of which the Greeks were much in the dark, seems to have been of Armenian origin: "meaning first a misfortune, a sad event; and then a kind of dirge, played on the flute, for the dead."³ This dirge had no accompanying words originally, but when flute music passed from the Phrygians to the Ionians of Asia Minor, the latter, prepared already for the evolution of subjective poetry through the advance they had made in commerce, science, and the arts, added words to the plaintive melody and evolved a pure lyric of grief. Flute music, however, was not always of a funereal character; it was used at festive and military gatherings, and was soon associated with social, martial, and political verses, which were recited in the main and took the metrical form known as the elegiac couplet.⁴ This couplet was produced by the Ionic poets by means of a simple combination of the familiar epic hexameter with a curtailed form of the same, known as the pentameter. The result was a couplet to which the cadence of the second verse gave a natural close and the effect of a complete whole which could be greatly varied.⁵ The stately flow of the epic was now

¹ See Perrot & Chipiez, "History of Art in Phrygia," I., 28.

² For an account of Olympus, the Phrygian musician, see Colonel Mure's "History of Greek Literature," III., p. 33.

³ Jebb, "Classical Greek Poetry," p. 95, gives an excellent account of the development of the Greek elegy, which I have followed closely. The usual derivation of *ἔλεγος* from *ἐλ λέγειν*, "to cry woe! woe!" is quite untenable.

⁴ The Greek word for this, *ἐλεγείον*, as Jebb remarks, was first used by Attic writers of the fifth century. Similarly the word *ἔλεγος* was, according to Francke (*vide* L. and S. *sub voce*), first used at Athens in the time of Simonides. But see Mure, III., p. 17, Note 3. It seems clear from Euripides, I. T. 1091 and Hel. 185 that *ἔλεγος* could be used without reference to metrical form, and that later it generally meant a song of mourning in distichs. The kindred *ἐλεγείον* was used by Thucydides (I., 32) with reference to the inscription on the votive tripod raised at Delphi from the Persian spoils. Cf. our English use of *elegy* and *epitaph*. The plural of *ἐλεγείον* and the feminine noun *ἐλεγεία* were also used to denote a poem in distichs.

⁵ Mure's remarks (Vol. III., Chap. I.) about the epigrammatic quality of the elegiac couplet, while doubtless correct in the main, seem to me somewhat extravagant. Greek masters could get lyrical results from it, just as English masters can from the heroic couplet.

supplemented by the infinite mobility of the purely personal poetry, whether the latter took the form of elegy in its widest sense or that of the more colloquial and confidential iambic. When later the single-voiced lyric or *melos* of the *Æolians* and the choral lyric of the Dorians were evolved, the genius of Greek poetry had practically cast the molds that were to shape the subjective poetic utterance of the nations yet to be. But our chief business is with a single, seemingly narrow mold: the elegy.¹

The earliest of the Ionian elegists whose verses are extant is Callinos of Ephesus, who dates from the early part of the seventh century.² His few elegiacs are martial in character, as are also the more vigorous verses of Tyrtæus, who called forth the valor of his adopted (?) countrymen, the Spartans. It is in the satirist Archilochus of Paros, however, the so-called father of iambic verse, whom the ancients put side by side with Homer for reasons now hard to discover, that we find the first traces of elegy in our strict sense of the term. We have ten beautiful lines of his lamenting the fate of friends³ lost at sea, and it is a pretty thought that the earliest Greek elegy proper, perhaps the best Roman elegy, that of Propertius on Pætus, and the noblest of all elegies, "Lycidas," are linked by this common purpose to bewail the fate of mortals perished beneath what Archilochus in another fragment has exquisitely called "the well-folded, hoary sea" (*εὐπλοκάμουν πολυῆς ἁλὸς*). This elegy of Archilochus,⁴ addressed to a certain Pericles, is so beautiful that I can not forbear attempting to render it in prose.

Neither any one of the citizens, O Pericles, finding fault with doleful cares, shall rejoice in feasting, nor shall the city herself; such men having been rolled under by the wave of the much-resounding sea. Carking cares

¹ For the capabilities of the elegiac couplet and the evolution of personal poetry, see the admirable fourth chapter of Jebb.

² For the elegiac poets in general, see Jevons, Book II., Chap. I.; Symonds, "Greek Poets" (3d Ed.), I., viii.

³ He seems to have lamented primarily a favorite brother-in-law, and several fragments of the elegy appear to have been preserved.

⁴ For a good account of Archilochus, see Jevons, pp. 113-117; also Mure, III., iii.

we have on account of our misfortunes. But the gods, O friend, have appointed masterful endurance as a remedy for desperate evils. Sometimes one has these to bear; sometimes another. Now indeed our time is come, and we groan for a grievous wound; later on it will pass to others. But gather your courage quickly, putting far from you womanly grief.¹

A little later than Archilochus, but still in the seventh century, another Ionian, Mimnermus of Colophon, extended the scope of the elegy in a way destined to impress profoundly not only some of the most exquisite of the Roman poets, but also some poets of modern times among the Latin races.² While his great Athenian contemporary, Solon, was using the elegy—that is, elegiac distichs—for political purposes and to stir up the martial vigor of his people for the conquest of Salamis, Mimnermus was devoting it to the service of his tender but, according to one account, hopeless passion for the flute-player, Nanno. The flute and the elegy were at last separated in a most melancholy fashion in spite of the fact that Mimnermus was “himself called an *αὐλῶδός*, a singer with a flute accompaniment, and [that] he probably revived the old plaintive elegy of the Phrygians, in close sympathy with the sorrowful laments of his sweet and tender Muse.” (Mahaffy, I., 174.)

This development of the elegy as a form of love poetry will not seem remarkable when we remember what has been said about the evolution of personal poetry consequent upon the rise of a cultured and luxurious society in the Ionic cities. Nor is it surprising to find that in the ninety odd lines left us of Mimnermus there is a note of gentle pessimism that makes him peculiarly acceptable to us moderns. Solon (Anth. Lyr. Bergk, 19 [21]) called him “*liguastades*” for his sweetness; the Alexandrians acknowledged him as a master in love poetry; Propertius (I., ix., 11) maintained that in the affairs of the tender passion he was of more authority than Homer,

Plus in amore valet Mimnermi versus Homero;

a modern critic, Mahaffy, has called him not inaptly the

¹ All translations not included within quotation marks are my own.

² The influence of the love elegy in English, which was never very strong, will be traced later.

Petrarch of Greek literature. But to us who read his verses to-day he is not so much the poet of Nanno who asked plaintively what joy there was in life without golden Aphrodite,

τίς δὲ βίος, τί δὲ τερπνὸν ἄτερ χρυσαῖς Ἀφροδίτης,

as he is the sad old man bewailing the fast approach of age and the common fate of mortals.

But we are like the leaves which the flowering season of spring brings forth, when straightway they wax in the beams of the sun; like them we rejoice for a brief season in the bloom of youth, knowing at the hands of the gods neither evil nor good. But black cares lie in wait for us, one having the allotted end of troublesome old age, the other of death.¹

These lines might have been written by Keats himself, had the gods allowed that soul so in love with life to fill out a normal span. And as Keats caught fragments of "that large utterance of the early gods" in his "Hyperion" so his Ionian forerunner sang splendidly of the divine Jason and of the labors of Helios "when the rosy-fingered Dawn, leaving the ocean behind her, has gone up into the heavens."

ἐπεὶ ροδοδάκτυλος Ἥως
Ωκεανὸν προλιποῦσ' οὐρανὸν εἰσαναβῆ.

But while Solon and Mimnermus were writing of politics and love a greater school of poetry and a greater poetic soul had sprung to life in the Æolic island of Lesbos. Melic poetry and its divine exponent, Sappho, had dawned upon mankind, and pensive sentiment had to give way to radiant passion. Yet even Sappho did not disdain the lesser raptures of the elegy, and three of her epitaphs are preserved in the "Greek Anthology." That on the fisherman Pelagon is doubtful and is hardly marked by her ineffable touch; that on the Priestess of Diana lacks equally her sign manual, but is generally accepted; that on the maiden Timas is worthy of the

¹That Mimnermus was not always plaintive even toward his lady-love seems to be made clear from a fragment of "Hermesianax." See G. Lafaye, "Catulle et ses Modèles" (Paris, Hachette, 1894), p. 221, where reference is made to Bach's edition of H.

poetess—there can be no higher praise. I give Wharton's prose rendering, but what is it to the original?¹

"This is the dust of Timas, whom Persephone's dark chamber received, dead before her wedding; when she perished, all her fellows dressed with sharpened steel the lovely tresses of their heads."

It is almost needless to say that there is a note of sadness in the wonderful Fragment II., beginning *Φαίνεται μοι*; but it is passionate sadness, not the plaintive sadness of the elegy. Genuine elegiac sadness might have appeared, however, in a fragment of Sappho's great contemporary Alcæus on the death of Myrsilus, had he not been a tyrant, but I fail to discover it in the characteristic statement of the poet that it is necessary to get drunk now that Myrsilus is dead.

Leaving the Melic poets, who do not rightfully belong to us, we find that the great development of Greek poetry at the close of the sixth century B. C., consequent upon the spread of education and the rise of courts like those of Polycrates, Periander, and Pisistratus, was marked by some attention to elegiac poetry, a good deal of which has survived, but unfortunately is not representative of the greatest poetic names. Indeed, the day of the elegy was gone, and it slumbered until it was resuscitated by the Alexandrians.² Of these later elegists, we may mention Phokylides of Miletus; Hipponax of Miletus (whose invectives are said to have made his two detractors hang themselves—hardly a proper thing for an elegiac poet to do unless he were in need of subjects to wreak his verse upon); Xenophanes³ of Colophon, the best of them all, but noted rather as a philosopher, a contemner of athletics, and an advocate of sane conviviality; and Theognis⁴ of Megara, whose copious verses were rather moral and political and are hence of much historical importance. Long quotations from

¹ Τιμάδος ἄδε κόνις, τὰν δὲ πρὸ γάμοιο θανούσαν
δέξατο Φερσεφόνας κνάνεος θάλαμος,
ἄς καὶ ἀποφθιμένας πᾶσαι νεοθᾶγι σιδάρη,
ἄλκιες ἡμερτᾶν κρατὸς ἔθεντο κομαν.

² Mahaffy, I., 187 *seq.*

³ For an interesting account of Xenophanes, see Symonds, "Greek Poets," I., pp. 174 *seq.*

⁴ For Theognis, see Jevons, pp. 147-153.

these later elegists would be out of place, but I will take from Symonds ("Greek Poets," I., p. 223) a "paraphrase" of a few lines from Xenophanes:

First must merry-making men address the gods with holy songs and pure words; libations must they pour, and pray for strength to act justly; then may they drink as much as a man can carry home without a guide—unless he be far gone in years. This also is right: to speak of noble deeds and virtue over our cups; not to tell tales of giants or Titans or the Centaurs, mere fictions of our grandfathers, and foolish fables.

It is needless to point out that there is here no trace of "pensive melancholy," the old philosopher not having lived in a prohibition state. There is melancholy and lamentation enough in Theognis, but his bitterness of hatred and contempt is too strong to permit him to strike the true note of the elegist.

After Theognis (*circa*. 549 B.C.) there were many other elegiac poets, both Ionic and Attic; but they are lost to us, and need hardly be regretted.

The last important elegy was the "Lyde" of Antimachus, an Ionian of Colophon of the age of Socrates, who wrote a dull and learned "Thebais" in which he is said not to have got his heroes to Thebes before he had filled twenty-four books. If this be true, it is no wonder that when he read once before a large audience all left except Plato, who was then very young and evidently very charitable. It is consoling to think that after a time Antimachus became a great favorite with the Alexandrians and with the Emperor Hadrian. His "Lyde" was certainly influential in affecting the later fortunes of the elegy.¹ According to Prof. Mahaffy, it was a sort of "In Memoriam," passing from a lament over the death of his beloved into larger questions of "mythical and genealogical lore." There are a few extant lines, but they give no fair idea of the poem,² which M. Lafaye places on the lower plane of a romantic elegy full of the history of celebrated love affairs. (*Loc. cit.* p. 199.)

We may close this section with a few remarks on the

¹Sellar, "Horace and the Elegiac Poets," p. 204.

²Mahaffy, I., 192.

ἐλεγία—that is, the votive epigrams or epitaphs in the elegiac couplet, which are assigned to that great poet, Simonides. A good many similar poems have been preserved in the Greek Anthology, with which the names of Æschylus, Euripides, Thucydides, Plato, and all manner of distinguished men have been connected, but these it will be convenient to examine in a separate section. Simonides is, however, easily the master in this class of compositions, more easily than Ben Jonson is in English now that the famous lines on “Sidney’s sister” seem to belong to William Browne, and he deserves to be distinguished by individual treatment. As Symonds well says,¹ he had a Dorian quality of seriousness, though an Ionian by birth, which appears plainly in his elegies, epigrams, and funeral odes commemorating the achievements of Hellas against Persia. He seems to have written threnoi for the Scopads and Aleuads of Thessaly, and the fragment of his threnos by Daphne over the infant Perseus is remarkable for its beauty. But he is chiefly memorable, at least to us, for such marvelous epigrams as those on the heroes of Thermopylæ and on the men of Tegea. I give my own and Jebb’s versions of these:

O stranger, bear a message to the Lacedæmonians that, having obeyed their commands, we are here reposing.

“It was due to the valor of these men that smoke did not go up to heaven from the burning of spacious Tegea. Their choice was to leave their children a city flourishing in freedom, and to lay down their own lives in the front of the battle.”

More nobly simple it would be impossible for verses to be, but Simonides could reach their level often. Witness this epigram:

If to die nobly be the highest evidence of valor, this boon hath fortune granted to us of all men; for, hastening to compass freedom for Hellas, we repose in the possession of an ageless good fame.

And this on a similar subject:

These men, having shed a deathless luster upon their dear fatherland, have wrapped themselves about with the dark cloud of death; but, dying,

¹ “Greek Poets,” I., p. 311.

they have not perished, for their valor, making them glorious in the upper air, leads them forth from the precincts of Hades.

Certainly in this category of poetry, not the least difficult in spite of its simplicity—nay, rather on account of its simplicity—Simonides is the most glorious name, and if Wordsworth's pious wish be ever granted and we do recover one "precious, tender-hearted scroll" of the great Greek, there are many of us who will rejoice if it contains a score of such noble epigrams. If the Alexandrians had in some way preserved more of them, rather than imitated them, we should have owed them a greater debt of gratitude than we now do. We may conclude by recalling the fact that, in addition to the fragmentary threnoi by the tragedians, there are similar remains of Pindar and Bacchylides that serve only to remind us of the priceless treasures of Greek poetry that are lost to us—let us trust in the light of recent experience in the case of Bacchylides not irrecoverably. On the principle, however, of being thankful for what we have we ought not to pass to the Alexandrians without mentioning one epitaph on Baucis, by Pindar's great countrywoman and rival, Erinna, which, while not equal to Sappho's divine lines on the maiden Timas, is by no means unfit to be quoted as a close to our sketch of classical Greek elegies.

My funeral shaft, and marble shapes that dwell
Beside it, and sad urn, receptacle
Of all I am, salute who seek my tomb,
If from my own, or other cities come;
And say to them, a bride I hither came,
Tenos my country, Baucis was my name.
Say also, this inscription for her friend,
Erinna, handmaid of the Muses, penned.¹

II. ALEXANDRIAN.

We have noted with some fulness the beginnings of the elegy in classical Greek literature, and are now come to that Indian summer period when in a foreign land and under alien skies the Greek literary spirit revived for a time

¹This is Dr. Richard Garnett's fine rendering of "Palatine Anthology," VII., 712.

like a flower upon which water has been poured, but not, alas! the dew of heaven. "That large utterance of the early gods" is gone, and in its place we have the artificial utterance of men, clever, learned, discerning men, but still men. Great critics like Aristarchus, mathematicians like Euclid, cosmographers like Ptolemy, have taken the place of the *dii majores* of the elder Greece. Callimachus "leads a tribe of learned poets and erudite men of letters." Closet-dramatists like Lycophron, study poets like Apollonius Rhodius, are the typical products of the day. Culture has spread in the rich soil, crowding out the roots of creative genius.

But this exotic literary growth has been often described, and we have only to note that what has mainly come down to us of it is precisely what was best of it, and what was most likely to inspire the poets of our own and of other lands. It was the bucolic and partly elegiac poetry of Theocritus, Bion, and Moschus, and the elegiac poetry of Philletas and his school, that gave rise to the pastoral and elegiac poetry of the Romans, and after the Renaissance to the pastorals and elegies of modern Europe. It was this original note struck in an unoriginal age that gave us the "Shepherd's Calendar" and the "Arcadia," the "Faithful Shepherdess" and "Comus," "Lycidas" and "Adonais"—even if it has also given us the frigid performances of the youthful Pope and the diluted sentiment of Shenstone.

"It is impossible for us to understand or appreciate to the full the poetic beauty of 'Lycidas,' 'Adonais,' and 'Thyrsis' without first having read the exquisite elegiac idyls of the Alexandrians, in which the sensuousness and passivity of the East are charmingly blended with the love of pure beauty and the energy of the West. Reading them, one is tempted to wonder why the lover of Theocritus did not celebrate the death of Hallam in a pastoral elegy; but when one remembers what has come down to us concerning the 'Lyde' of Antimachus, with its digressions from a strictly elegiac tone to mythological speculations, one is convinced that perhaps even the 'In Memoriam' does not mark a new type of elegiac poetry. In fine, no point in the history of literature

is more certain than the continuity of the typical forms of elegiac poetry from the days of the Greeks to our own."¹

But if Theocritus, Bion, and Moschus are the most important of the Alexandrians to our purpose, they are not the first that must be discussed. Theocritus was himself the pupil of another poet, Philetas of Cos, about whom and his school of poetry something must be said.² Philetas, besides being a critic and Homeric commentator, was also an elegiac poet whose erotic verses were afterward greatly admired by the Romans. His island home was much resorted to by students of medicine, and he seems to have gathered to himself such of these as loved song also, like Aratus, and wandering youths smitten with literary ambitions, like Theocritus. The teacher himself appears to have been queer enough, lean as a shadow, wearing leaden soles to keep from being blown away, said the satirists who envied him. And yet to this anatomy, if we may trust tradition, the magic wand of Mimnermus had descended. The elegy as now cultivated had broken with the older gnomic or patriotic poetry practised by Solon and Theognis, and had become chiefly erotic, looking back to Mimnermus for inspiration and guidance. Yet, as M. Lafaye has remarked, Mimnermus would hardly have recognized his own passionate sincerity in the verses of his professed imitators as clearly as Antimachus might have perceived in the *Alēia* of the later Callimachus a plain imitation of his "Lyde," which the Alexandrian had rather inconsistently disparaged. ¶ The truth is, as the same critic shows, that the elegy in the hands of the Alexandrians tended always to break with true lyricism, although borrowing often features peculiar to the highest lyric form, the ode,³ tended even to efface the personal expression of the poet's sentiments, and aspired to fulfil idyllic and epic functions—to describe and to recount. The genius of Theocritus brought this fusion of elegiac, idyllic, and epic purposes to a successful issue in his divine First Idyl,

¹ See my article in this REVIEW for August, 1893.

² See Mr. Lang's introduction to his splendid translation of Theocritus.

³ Cf. Dryden's poem on Mrs. Anne Killegrew.

as we shall see later, but it is doubtful whether his Alexandrian predecessors and contemporaries were ever able to do it. Certainly the fragments of the elegy of Callimachus on the famous tress of Berenice, which astronomers, poets, and courtiers alike agreed in converting into a new constellation in the heavens, supplemented as they are by the translation (?) by Catullus in his well-known Elegiacs LXVI., do not give a modern reader the impression of a variation of an old genre so completely successful as to form practically a new one. An erotic elegy designed to support the rather supposititious passion of an Alexandrian queen, Berenice, for her perhaps incestuous spouse, Ptolemy Euergetes, which at the same time glorified her murder of a former suitor and gave currency to the absurd mytho-astronomical discovery of Conon with regard to the votive lock of hair transported to the skies, would hardly, it would seem, have found much more favor with Solon or Mimnermus than it does with us, despite the elegiac complaints of the severed tress at being compelled to part with its sister locks. Whether now Philetas in his praise of his mistress, Bittis, ever rivaled the fantastic *tours de force* of Callimachus is uncertain, the preserved fragments and the references of Ovid and Propertius throwing practically no light on the subject. It is probable, however, that he, as well as his imitators, Hermesianax and Euphotion,¹ the latter of whom Cicero believed to have corrupted the young contemporaries of Catullus, were all more or less tainted with that hybridism which is the main characteristic and source of danger in overelaborate and decadent art. Such art, however, is not pleasant to study or contemplate, so that we need not regret the fragmentary nature of the knowledge we possess of it, and may pass to more congenial

¹ Hermesianax was a native of Colophon (*floruit* 330 B.C.), and was a friend or pupil of Philetas and an imitator of his countryman, Antimachus. His three books of love elegies were called "Leontium," after his mistress. A considerable fragment of the third book, several times edited, remains. He seems to have treated of the love affairs of poets and sages. Euphotion was a native of Chalcis, in Eubœa, and flourished at the time of Ptolemy Euergetes. Cicero speaks of him and his admirers with contempt in *Tusc.* III., 19, 45.

topics, provided always that we remember that Theocritus, for all his original genius, was influenced by it, and that the Roman elegy would practically have never come into being without it. If we admire Catullus and Tibullus and Propertius, we can not be too severe on Philetas and Callimachus and Hermesianax.

With regard now to the greater Alexandrians we must premise that this is not the place to descant on the idyls of Theocritus or to enlarge upon the general subject of pastoral poetry. It is still a question, though not so vexed a one as formerly, whether naturalness or artificiality most prevails in the Doric goatherds of the Sicilian poet, but there can be very little doubt that with his imitators down to the present century artificiality has been the rule. As Symonds points out, it is Crabbe and Wordsworth, Goethe and Tennyson that have been the true successors of Theocritus as a naturalistic poet. The writers of pastorals and pastoral elegies, Phillips and Shenstone and the like, inherited whatever there was of the artificial about him, and were likewise heirs of his heirs, Bion and Moschus and Virgil. That Theocritus could be artificial is proved clearly enough by his panegyric of Ptolemy (Idyl XVII.) and I am inclined to think that his great pastoral elegy on Daphnis (Idyl I.), which chiefly concerns us, is hardly so naturalistic as his other Sicilian idyls are. He seems to have had a predecessor in Stesichorus (who wrote a pastoral elegy on the death of Daphnis and romantic poems on the death of Cayce¹), and we are probably warranted in concluding that while, in the words of Mr. Lang, "he raised the rural dirge for Daphnis into the realm of art," the new genre he perfected was not lacking in affinity with the artificial, hybrid elegy which Philetas and Callimachus sought to establish. They tried to fuse the love elegy with features more proper to the epic and the ode—and failed. Theocritus tried to fuse the elegy of grief, the rural dirge, with epic and idyllic features—and succeeded. A new kind of elegy, almost a new genre of poetry,

¹ Symonds, I., 307.

was begotten with the birth of the First Idyl, but it was not quite so natural a product as the pure bucolic, which is one reason, perhaps, why Bion and Moschus succeeded so well in it. There is, indeed, a plain reason why so many mediocre poets have vainly essayed the pastoral elegy, while at the same time a few great poets have handled it magnificently. Its artificial features would attract mediocrity, but would be a certain cause of failure; they were not sufficiently marked, however, to repel great poets like Milton and Shelley, who would produce all the more splendid effects on account of the very restraints imposed by the artificial form.

Theocritus then, as we have seen, developed the pastoral elegy by the process of fusing which he doubtless learned from Philetas, with hints from Stesichorus. As in most of his other work, he used the meter that had long been devoted to epic purposes, the hexameter, took his subject-matter from the rural life around him, and handled his material in a pictorial way. He not only refined the language and thoughts of the dirge, but set it in a framework of surpassing pictorial loveliness, thus fusing two poetical genres—the elegy of grief and the idyl—into what may perhaps claim to be a third more beautiful than either of its components. Certain it is, at any rate, that no elegy of the simpler class—whatever we may say of the pure idyl—has ever rivaled in beauty the chief pastoral elegies from the days of Theocritus to those of Matthew Arnold.

Apart from his elegiac epigrams—or epitaphs—which will be briefly considered when we come to speak of the “Greek Anthology,” there is curiously enough no strictly elegiac verse in Theocritus except the famous First Idyl. The “Song of Adonis” in the delightful Fifteenth Idyl—so well translated by Matthew Arnold—is really a hymn, and the slight note of lament for Amaryllis in the Fourth Idyl is scarcely worth counting. Theocritus is therefore important to us simply for the “Dirge for Daphnis.” As I have said in another place, “he seems to have cast only one glance on the fairest child of his imagination”—a statement which is true as well of Bion and Moschus, as we shall see later.

A description of the First Idyl is now rendered practically unnecessary through its accessibility in Mr. Lang's admirable prose rendering and in several poetical versions of merit. It will be remembered that nearly half the poem is a pure idyl describing the meeting of the shepherd Thyrsis and a goatherd beneath the whispering pine-tree that murmured by the wells of water, and the offer of the goatherd to let Thyrsis "milk, ay, three times, a goat that is the mother of twins," and to give him a "twy-eared bowl newly wrought smacking still of the knife of the graver" if he will only sing in return the *Affliction of Daphnis* as he sang it on the day of his match with "Chromis out of Libya." When the goatherd has finished describing the bowl in one of those little pictures, borrowed from the epic, which gave idyllic poetry its generic name, Thyrsis without more ado sings his song, which is our true pastoral elegy, and the whole poem concludes with his claiming the bowl and its award by the goatherd—that is, with an epilogue which may be compared with the closing stanza in *ottava rima* of "Lycidas."

The elegy proper begins with a refrain, which is destined to be a characteristic feature of this class of poetry, at least for such poets as follow its canons strictly. It is full, also, of the apostrophes and personifications and the invocations to nature that have since marked its successors to a greater or less degree. The gods, too, are invoked, and the myth of Adonis is brought in, nor is the note of oriental effeminacy wanting. But a few passages will be better than any description.

"*Begin, ye Muses dear, begin the pastoral song!* Thyrsis of Etna am I, and this is the voice of Thyrsis. Where, ah! where were ye when Daphnis was languishing; ye Nymphs, where were ye? By Peneus's beautiful dells or by dells of Pindus? For surely ye dwelt not by the great stream of the river Anapus, nor on the watch-tower of Etna, nor by the sacred water of Acis."

And again:

"Came Hermes first from the hill, and said: 'Daphnis, who is it that torments thee; child, whom dost thou love with so great desire?' The neatherds came, and the shepherds; the goatherds came; all they asked

what ailed him. Came also Priapus. *Begin, ye Muses dear, begin the pastoral song!*"

And again:

"Now, violets, bear, ye brambles ye thorns, bear violets; and let fair narcissus bloom on the boughs of juniper! Let all things with all be confounded; from pines let man gather pears, for Daphnis is dying. Let the stag drag down the hounds, let owls from the hills contend in song with the nightingales. *Give o'er, ye Muses, come, give o'er the pastoral song.*" (Lang.)

Of the immediate successor of Theocritus in pastoral poetry, Bion, little is known. He has left six idyls and some fragments, none of which is strictly bucolic—which goes to show that Symonds is right when he contends that Bion is the father of the artificial pastoral, although it must be remembered that Theocritus was not always naturalistic. The great Sicilian had, however, described real shepherds and shepherdesses; the Myrson and Lycidas and Cleodamus of Bion certainly never handled a sheep-hook, though they may describe beautifully the love of Achilles for Deidamia (Idyl II.) and discuss appropriately the relative charms of the seasons¹ (Idyl III.). Bucolic naturalness is absent from the poems of Bion and his disciple, Moschus; but, to make up for it, the Loves, as Mr. Lang has remarked, flit through their poems as they do through the Pompeian pictures. We are not surprised, then, to find that as Bion lacked Theocritus's humor and truth to nature, he succeeded best in the more or less artificial genre brought to perfection by the Sicilian—viz., the pastoral elegy. The "Lament for Daphnis" was a model for the "Lament for Adonis;" but the latter, being more oriental and religious in subject, naturally took on the characteristic features of a hymn, having been "intended to be sung at one of the spring celebrations of the festival of Adonis, like that described by Theocritus in his fifteenth idyl." (Lang.) It certainly has, as Symonds avers, a fiery passion and warmth of coloring peculiar to Bion—that is, it has "an Asiatic fury." The rhythm is nervous and quick and the pictures

¹ We shall have occasion to remember this idyl when in the section on the medieval elegy we encounter the "Conflict of Winter and Spring" which used to be attributed to Bede.

are vivid, but there is also an intermixture of merely pretty description and elegant writing. It is impossible, however, to deny that there is a pathos pervading the whole composition that gives it an imperishable charm and that sufficiently explains the hold it took on the author of "Adonais." Take, for example, the opening lines:

"Woe, woe for Adonis, he hath perished, the beauteous Adonis, dead is the beauteous Adonis, the Loves join in the lament. No more in thy purple raiment, Cypris, do thou sleep; arise, thou wretched one, sable-stoled, and beat thy breast and say to all: 'He hath perished, the beautiful Adonis!' *Woe, woe for Adonis, the Loves join in the lament!*"

"Low on the hills is lying the lovely Adonis, and his thigh with the boar's tusk, his white thigh with the boar's tusk is wounded, and sorrow on Cypris he brings, as softly he breathes his life away." (Lang.)

The repetitions here are as artificial as those of Poe, over two thousand years later, but who will deny the luxuriant though, perhaps, effeminate charm of the verses? And who can deny that these poems are properly called idyls—little pictures—when he reads the following description:

"He reclines, the delicate Adonis, in his raiment of purple, and around him the Loves are weeping and groaning aloud, clipping their locks for Adonis. And one upon his shafts, another on his bow is treading, and one hath loosed the sandal of Adonis, and another hath broken his own feathered quiver, and one in a golden vessel bears water, and another laves the wound, and another from behind him with his wings is fanning Adonis." (Lang.)

But affectingly pathetic as all this is, it is obviously artificial, and perhaps Bion struck a more truly elegiac note in this beautiful fragment:

"Ah, if a double term of life were given us by Zeus, the son of Chronos, or by changeful Fate; ah, could we spend one life in joy and merriment, and one in labor, then perchance a man might toil, and in some later time might win his reward. But if the gods have willed that man enters into life but once (and that life brief and too short to hold all we desire), then, wretched men and weary that we are, how sorely we toil, how greatly we cast ourselves away on gain and laborious arts, continually coveting yet more wealth! Surely we have all forgotten that we are men condemned to die, and how short is the hour that to us is allotted by Fate." (Lang.)

There is certainly nothing effeminate here, unless it lurk in the oriental pessimism which but reechoes the *vanitas vanitatum* of the Hebrew king.

If we know next to nothing about the life of Theocritus, we know still less about that of Bion, and still less about that of the latter's successor and elegist, Moschus. The last-named tells us that Bion was born upon Meles, the "most musical of rivers"—that is, near Smyrna, where of old Homer (*Melesigenes*) "that sweet mouth of Calliope" was born, and that he died of poison administered by enemies; but of himself he tells us only that he sings the "dirge of an Ausonian sorrow," whence we may infer that he was born in Magna Græcia. He has left us only four idyls and a few fragments; and of these, two idyls at least are sometimes held to be of questionable authorship. The beautiful description of "Love the Runaway" and "Europa and the Bull" (Idyls I., II., Lang) do not concern us; but we may perhaps note the sad tone of the dialogue between Megara and Alcmena, the wife and mother of the wandering Hercules. (Idyl IV.) What does concern us is the pathetic "Lament for Bion" (Idyl III.), the first pastoral elegy in honor of a real person. Moschus may, as some critics hold, have had less originality and power than Bion, and his work may have been characterized by the faults inseparable from an imitation of an imitation; but the fact remains that he has left us passages as felicitous in phrasing as any that will be found in his predecessors, and pictures as exquisitely drawn as any that idyllic poetry can show. One of these pictures is famous as having been the prototype of a beautiful stanza by Tennyson in the "Palace of Art;"¹ but it is much more to our purpose to remember that traces of the Alexandrian's influence are to be discovered plainly in both "Adonais" and "Thyrsis." It is no wonder that Shelley and Arnold were affected by the "Lament for Bion," since its spirit is true, delicate, pathetic, and absolutely sincere. It is a standing confutation of Dr. Johnson's

¹Or sweet Europa's mantle blew unclasped
 From off her shoulder backward borne:
 From one hand dropped a crocus; one hand grasped
 The mild bull's golden horn.
 Compare Moschus, I., 125 *seq.* (Ahrens.)

claim apropos of "Lycidas" that real grief will not express itself in pastoral form.¹ Moschus' sense of personal sorrow makes its presence felt through all the artificial conventions of his poem, and his pessimism is even deeper than that displayed in Bion's fragment just quoted. It is this pessimism, perhaps, that links him with Arnold and gives him such a modern flavor. What can be more elegiac, and what more truly modern, than these verses?

"Ah me, when the mallows wither in the garden, and the green parsley and the curled tendrils of the anise, on a later day they live again, and spring in another year; but we men, we the great and mighty, or wise, when once we have died, in hollow earth we sleep, gone down into silence; a right long and endless and unawakening sleep.² And thou, too, in the earth wilt be lapped in silence; but the nymphs have thought good that the frog should eternally sing. Nay, him I would not envy, for 'tis no sweet song he singeth." (Lang.)

The man who could sing thus was a true poet, though he was an imitator and the child of an unoriginal age; and the friend who could close his dirge with these sincere words, "But if I, even I, and my piping had aught availed, before Pluteus I too would have sung," was, if not a second Orpheus, certainly the first of the more important personal elegists of the world's literature. It was Moschus who first bent the exquisite artistic framework of the pastoral elegy to strictly personal and elegiac uses, and he is thus in many respects the most important name that we have yet had to mention. He did not influence Roman elegy so greatly as Philetas and Callimachus did, but with his pastoral predecessors he is a memorable forerunner of Milton and Shelley and Arnold.

THE GREEK ANTHOLOGY.

We have already had occasion to mention, in connection with some of the most distinguished names in the preceding

¹ See his *Milton* in the "Lives of the Poets."

² Cf. M. Arnold's "Thyrsis."

For there thine earth-forgetting eyelids keep
The morningless and unawakening sleep
Under the flowery oleanders pale.

sections, that famous collection of occasional verse, ranging from the time of Sappho to that of the Byzantines, known as the "Greek Anthology." It therefore remains only to consider it briefly in connection with certain minor but true poets who did elegiac work of no mean order. It will be remembered that nearly all the poetic blossoms collected by Meleager, Philip of Thessalonica, Agathias, and Constantine Cephalas the successive editors of the "Anthology" were compressed into elegiac couplets, but it does not follow from this fact that we need to study the whole collection. A large number of the contained poems are not at all elegiac in any strict sense of the term, but it is also true that there are many of them that are either epitomized love elegies or poems of grief in the form of epitaphs. We may omit all discussion of the former, contenting ourselves with giving a specimen or two in order to show their loveliness, and may confine ourselves to the consideration of the seven hundred and forty-eight "Sepulchral Epigrams" that form the Seventh Book of the celebrated "Palatine Anthology," which was rescued from oblivion by Milton's rival, Salmasius. There are other epitaphs, whether on persons or animals, to be found in other books—*e. g.*, those of the theologian, St. Gregory—but those of the Seventh Book will more than suffice us. As might be expected, they vary greatly in power and beauty; but when they are at their best, as in the verses of Sappho and Simonides that have been already quoted, they are simply models of terseness, propriety, and beauty. With regard to elegiac epigrams in general enough has been said in connection with Simonides, and with regard to the beauty of the "Anthology" itself there is surely no need of saying anything at this late day. We may therefore merely note that the chief poets worthy our attention after the master spirits named above are Meleager, ever deserving of praise; Leonidas of Tarentum; Callimachus, whose work in another vein we have discussed; Archias, the friend of Cicero; Antipater of Sidon; Plato, the divine philosopher; and Theocritus, the father of the pastoral elegy. Specimens of the work of these poets, translated by latter-day admirers,

will give a fair idea of their skill and power, and we may then pass by an easy road to the graceful, delicate work of Tibullus, Propertius, and Ovid.

Perhaps the most purely beautiful of all the epitaphs, although lacking the high nobility of Simonides's best work, is that by Plato, beginning Ἀστὴρ πρὶν μὲν ("Palatine Anthology," VII., 670) which Shelley has so wonderfully rendered:

Thou wert the morning star among the living
Ere thy fair light had fled;
Now having died, thou art as Hesperus, giving
New splendor to the dead.¹

Equally beautiful almost is Callimachus' epigram on Heraclitus ("Palatine Anthology," VII., 80), which, however, hardly surpasses those of the same poet on Sopolis, Crethis, and the stranger honored by Leontichus ("Palatine Anthology," VII., 271, 459, 277). They are so exquisite that, as we have already been somewhat hard on Callimachus, it would seem only fair to give them all; but we must content ourselves with Mr. Lang's version of the first:

One told me, Heraclitus, of thy fate;
He brought me tears, he brought me memories,
Alas! my Carian friend, how oft, how late,
We twain have talked the sun adown the skies,
And somewhere thou art dust without a date!
But of thy songs Death maketh not his prize,
In Death's despite, that stealeth all, they wait,
The new year's nightingale that never dies.

Of the delightful poems of Meleager we can give only one example, again in the rendering of Mr. Lang, whose translation, by the way, of the "Heliodore" of Meleager ("Palatine Anthology," VII., 476), which must be omitted for want of space, is one of the most exquisite attempts of the kind ever made.

¹ The poetical versions that follow are taken, with one exception, from the admirable volume of "Selections from the Greek Anthology" which Graham R. Tomson has contributed to the "Canterbury Poets."

CLEARISTA.¹

For Death, not for Love, hast thou
 Loosened thy zone!
 Flutes filled thy bower, but now
 Morning brings moan!
 Maids round thy bridal bed
 Hushed are in gloom,
 Torches to Love that led
 Light to the tomb.

Mr. Lang shall also interpret for us the beautiful epigram of Leonidas of Tarentum on Theris, the fisherman ("Palatine Anthology," VII., 295):

Theris the old, the waves that harvested,
 More keen than birds that labor in the sea,
 With spear and net, by shore and rocky bed,
 Not with the well-manned galley, labored he;
 Him not the star of storms, nor sudden sweep
 Of wind with all his years hath smitten and bent,
 But in his hut of reeds he fell asleep,
 As fades a lamp when all the oil is spent:
 This tomb nor wife nor children raised, but we
 His fellow toilers, fishers of the sea.

The same versatile genius may also render for us the beautiful epigram of Antipater of Sidon on Sappho ("Palatine Anthology," VII., 14.)

Sappho thou coverest, Æolian land!
 The Muse who died,
 Who with the deathless Muses, hand in hand,
 Sang, side by side!
 Sappho, at once of Cypris and of Love
 The child and care;
 Sappho, that those immortal garlands wove
 For the Muses' hair!
 Sappho, the joy of Hellas, and thy crown,
 Ye Sisters dread,
 Who spin for mortals from the distaff down
 The threefold thread,
 Why span ye not for her unending days,
 Unsetting sun,
 For her who wrought the imperishable lays
 Of Helicon?

Finally, for fear of overworking Mr. Lang, we will pass by

¹ "Palatine Anthology," VII., 182.

his prose renderings of those eight of Theocritus's epigrams that have an elegiac cast and will quote Dr. Garnett's beautiful rendering in verse of that on Cleonicus.¹ ("Palatine Anthology," VII., 534. The epigram is also attributed to Automedon.)

Was life on land not short enough for thee,
But, Cleonicus, thou must tempt the sea?
To Thasos, bringing wealth of Syrian wares,
Sailing thou camest with the wintry stars;
And when the Pleiads merged their sevenfold gem,
Thou sankest to the gray abyss with them.

Such treasures of beauty does the memorial section of the "Palatine Anthology" hold for the enthusiastic searcher. It is no wonder that poet-translators have been drawn to it as bees to a garden of roses. But the love elegies are equally beautiful, and we may conclude this section with two specimens of them—one by Rufinus and one by Agathias. Mr. Lang freely renders the "Golden Eyes" of Rufinus as follows ("Palatine Anthology," V., 74):

Ah, Golden Eyes, to win you yet,
I bring mine April coronet,
The lovely blossoms of the spring,
For you I weave, to you I bring;
These roses with the lilies wet,
The dewy dark-eyed violet,
Narcissus, and the wind-flower wet,
Wilt thou disdain mine offering,
Ah, Golden Eyes?
Crowned with thy lover's flowers, forget,
The pride wherein thy heart is set,
For thou, like these or anything,
Hast but thine hour of blossoming,
Thy spring, and then—the long regret,
Ah, Golden Eyes.

With the delicate beauty of this elegy, the closing lines of which suggest our own auto-anthologist, Herrick, we may compare Mr. Robert Bland's rendering of these more elaborated verses of Agathias ("Palatine Anthology," V., 273):

She, who but late in beauty's flower was seen
Proud of her auburn curls and noble mien—

¹ From his admirable "Chaplet from the Greek Anthology."

Who froze my hopes and triumphed in my fears,
Now sheds her graces in the waste of years.
Changed to unlovely is that breast of snow,
And dimmed her eye, and wrinkled is her brow;
And querulous the voice by time repressed,
Whose artless music stole me from my rest.
Age gives redress to love; and silvery hair
And earlier wrinkles brand the haughty fair.

With this closing thought which had already appeared in Horace and the Roman elegists and was to reappear in many a modern love-elegist, especially, in the eighteenth century Hammond, we may well pass to the greatest and most typical of the love-elegists of whom we have full knowledge, to those lesser ornaments of the Augustan age, Tibullus and Propertius.¹

W. P. TRENT.

¹ Since this paper was set in type I have had the pleasure of reading Mr. Gilbert Murray's "History of Ancient Greek Literature," which is sprightly enough, but throws little new light on our subject. It is pleasant, however, to note his appreciation of Mimnermus, and I observe that he refers to a non-extant elegy by Theognis on some Syracusans killed in battle.